

The **Quill**

A MAGAZINE FOR WRITERS, EDITORS, AND PUBLISHERS

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BROAD FIELDS AND FERTILE GARDENS • By E. C. Gorrell

HOW L'L ABNER GOT HIS START • By Frank Brady

SIGMA DELTA CHI'S CONVENTION • James C. Kiper

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THE QUILL

A MAGAZINE FOR WRITERS, EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS

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Bull's Blood Editorials



Elmer T. Peterson

THE more I ponder the technic of anonymous editorial-writing, the less sense it makes. Having written some thousands of anonymous editorials myself, I am not precisely condemning, but wondering.

There is no tincture of sour grapes in this brash blurt, for in my experience I have been granted unusual freedom in editorial expression and more generous personal recognition than customary. For that matter, even when I owned a newspaper, I went with the crowd and used the familiar transparent pose of anonymity, by use of the time-worn "editorial we" and similar devices, so could not consistently blame publishers for this quaint custom, which is just one of those habit-minded survivals which are so common.

I do not now approach the subject from the point of view of the editorial writer seeking fame, fortune and gratification of vanity, but from that of the publisher or owner. It is not a question of right or wrong, but of effective practice.

IS it good business—good newspapering—to publish such impersonal, institutional editorials? Does this time-worn tradition have anything to do with the generally admitted decadence of the editorial page?

Somehow this type of writing reminds one of the Delphic oracle.

After drinking a good big stein of bull's blood, consulting haruspices,

Is Time Worn Tradition of Anonymity Cause of Editorial Page's Decline?

By ELMER T. PETERSON

taking a whiff of noxious gases coming out of a crack in the rock, and going into a mild epileptic fit, the priestess Pythia was supposed to have received a revelation from the tutelary gods, and was thereby miraculously enabled to make authoritative statements as to whether Pericles ought to increase the tax rate, or whether the tariff on Persian pomegranates was too high.

It was accepted that her statements were institutional, which is to say that she wasn't actually responsible for what she said, but was working, in a vaguely impersonal and quasi-plural capacity, for some kind of a board of directors or staff of higher-ups who were expected to frame general policies for humanity. For that day and age, this was a convenient and workable device. The writer of anonymous

editorials seems to be the modern equivalent of the Delphic oracle.

All who qualify under this head know about the bull's blood that is passed around in large goblets at seances called "editorial conferences." It is substantial liquor, and goes right to the stomach. It is usually quite circum (you-know-what-I-mean) spect. Even when it is bold, spontaneous, and slashing like nobody's business, it produces, all the more, an effect like that of an unidentified utterance issuing from a rain-barrel. Just a disembodied voice.

IT is difficult to restrain a chuckle in reading the solemn dictum, "The *News* believes" or "the *Herald* regrets." The *News* and *Herald* just don't believe or regret, for a composite pronouncement of a conviction that obviously belongs

ELMER T. PETERSON is exceptionally well qualified to discuss editorials—his experience and ability in writing them giving significance and weight to the observations he voices in the accompanying article. His newspaper work began as a student in Bethany College, Lindsborg, Kan., where he edited the college paper, and, in his senior year, the town paper, the Lindsborg Record.

After graduation he became a printer. In 1907 he bought the Cimarron (Kan.) Jacksonian, a weekly, which he operated until 1916 when he became telegraph editor of the Wichita (Kan.) Eagle. Five months later he went to the Kansas City Star and shortly after that was given the assistant editorship and placed in charge of the editorial policy of the Wichita Beacon. Subsequently became editor of the Beacon and continued in that position until July 1, 1927, when he became editor of Better Homes & Gardens. He resigned the editorship of the magazine last August, for reasons of family health, to become West Coast Editor of the same magazine, with headquarters at Los Angeles.

Mr. Peterson wrote his first magazine article about 1910 for Frank Leslie's magazine. Since then has written numerous articles for the Saturday Evening Post, McClure's, Outlook, Independent, Rotarian, Nation's Business, the American Magazine, and others. In 1918 he was awarded a gold medal by Editor & Publisher for the best editorial centering about the Fourth Liberty Loan. There were 636 entries. Several of his editorials have been reprinted in collections and in textbooks. He is the author of "Trumpets West," a novel dealing with pioneering in Iowa and Kansas, termed by William Allen White "the best American novel of the year."

in the personal realm is as incongruous as a flock of ducks co-operatively endeavoring to lay an egg.

Some very competently produced newspapers divide up the editorial stints so that one man writes the Socialistically-slanted editorials, another writes the conservatively-slanted editorials, another writes the financial editorials, another writes the humorous editorials, and so on. While such a heterogeneous symposium may give the general impression of fairness, wide erudition, versatility and other admirable qualities, it certainly doesn't have an appearance of consistent vitality or of leadership, for reasons given above.

It is not widely read. It lacks punch. It just doesn't "come off" somehow, and is likely to be barren of visible results. When the "editorial we" is extended to cover six or eight persons of widely divergent views, tastes and attitudes, the last vestige of personal authoritativeness, leadership and spontaneity goes right out of the window and the bull's blood becomes anemic.

If the newspaper doesn't really care much about editorial leadership, just what is the object in printing editorials? Is it just aimless exhibitionism, or entertainment, or what?

Did anybody ever attend an athletic contest and listen to the words of the loud-speaker without craning his neck and cross-examining his neighbors as to who and where in heck is the MAN who is doing the talking? No one is satisfied to sit and take it until he finds out. That's human nature.

However, the typical reader of typical newspaper editorials long ago gave up the unequal struggle. He doesn't make much of an effort to find out, because he has a hunch that someone, far back along the journalistic road, decreed that it was to be a trade secret, like the funny cost-marks on price-tags.

THE 1936 election was a cruel blow to editorial prestige. A substantial majority of American newspapers were editorially opposed to President Roosevelt, yet he was re-elected by an unprecedented majority.

The natural conclusion is that editorial influence is badly bedraggled. On the other hand, there can be no question of one fact, namely that highly personalized leadership is as powerful as ever—if anything it is more powerful now that the world is in a state of uneasy flux and stress. It was unquestionably the unique personality of President Roosevelt and the inherent drama of the situation rather than principles or measures that swung the election.

From the anonymous editorial one may turn for a moment to the signed column material of Walter Lippmann, Dorothy Thompson, Jay Franklin, Mark Sullivan and others.

Judged by results, the by-line columns didn't fare much better than bull's blood, since most of them also were against Roosevelt. However, it is easy to make mistakes in logic by over-simplifying a problem. The correct answer to this particular problem may not be found in the realm of editorials at all, but in that of personal approach. As long as people are human, which will probably be for a number of years, they will insist upon having heroes. In a time of emergency they will turn to a personality rather than to a principle or the analysis of a program. The knight in shining armor who promises to kill the dragon in simple, understandable terms will always get the votes.

Therefore, if you do not over-simplify the problem, it can be said that the result of the 1936 election pointed even more than ever to the supremacy of the personalized tribune, herald and examiner, and there's the germ of an important idea.

It all goes back to the fundamental factor of human interest, which is drilled into every cub reporter and stressed in various terms by everybody from the newsboy to the publisher. An editorial has got to have human interest, and of course when the editorial involves opinion, the factor of human interest extends to the person who expresses the opinion. Impersonal human interest is a self-contradiction.

DURING the past year or two the by-line columns have had an especially strong run. They are widely read. They do have influence, otherwise you wouldn't hear, on every hand, "Did you read what Lippmann said about the CIO this morning?" This query is reminiscent of what our fathers and grandfathers reported about Horace Greeley's vogue in another century. Even though Lippmann's side lost in 1936, he probably has a larger following than Greeley ever had. The mills of public opinion take more than half a dozen years to produce the requisite fineness, and the loss of one battle doesn't necessarily mean the loss of a 30 years' war.

The by-line columnist has a great advantage over the composite writer. Being solely responsible for his expressions, he is at liberty to write fearlessly and with unusual spontaneity. No question of the newspaper's editorial policy disturbs him or checks his surging thoughts. That is precisely

the reason why his stuff is so widely read.

Even the great news services and agencies have come to realize that by-lines and a generous dash of individual color are genuine sales assets, and news-gathering, to say nothing of feature and opinion stuff, has been profoundly influenced by the factor of personal authorship. The foreign correspondents were among the first to be given opportunity to show their wares under this technic, and now the by-line is a common institution. I have in mind a certain great, conservative and highly successful newspaper in which, up to ten years ago, anonymity was held up as the most sublime of all journalistic virtues, and in which by-lines were as scarce as wren's tusks. Now it revels in by-lines and knows it's smart journalism.

Paradoxically, the editorial, which is inherently the most susceptible of all to the personal technic, is the last of all the types to come across to the by-line system.

ONE reason why newspaper publishers shy away from by-lines is that life is such an uncertain thing, and they want the readers to center their loyalty and habit-reading on the newspaper as a permanent institution rather than on individuals who are but cogs in the machine—who may be here today and there tomorrow. But this proposition is as broad as it is long, if not broader, for if the personal touch is something they dread to lose, they should be just as happy, at least, to build it up and make the most of it while they have it.

Magazines, for a long time, have realized the value of names, to the extent of exorbitating them even above subjects. By this policy they have unquestionably "made" certain writers who otherwise would have remained in comparative obscurity. But in "making" these writers they have also more than "made" themselves, so what of it? They usually get back much more than they put into them. "Build-up" is the thing, and it works both ways.

When this matter of by-lines and signed editorials comes up, there arises the bugaboo of egotism. The first apprehension is "Will the readers think the writer is too fond of the perpendicular pronoun?" Well, the signed column seems to get along pretty well in this respect. It all depends upon technic. Some of the most tumultuous editorials ever written were in the manner of the "editorial we."

Altogether, it would seem that the publisher would profit by putting authorship on editorials, just as he puts it

[Continued on page 20]

Then Old Cuss Came to Town!



Cuss and Cussena

Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Moore in front of their spic and span new office.

IT was the drouth year of 1934 and the cattle country of the Big Bend was worse hit than many other parts of the country—what with big feed bills, no range for the cattle, and mortgages eating their slices out of the big ranches—when the *Big Bend Sentinel* was sold at a bankrupt sale in Marfa, Texas.

We—my husband and I—like a couple of sillies thought we could do something nobody else had made a go of, and bid the highest price for the thing.

Not only was the drouth around and about us with a ferocity no one would believe possible until he tried to sell advertising or job printing, but the U. S. Army post called Fort D. A. Russell had been abandoned for two years or more as an economy measure of the War Department. The price of silver had dropped and the mines were closed in the county. It seemed that every means of income that the town of Marfa possessed had dried up at its source.

SOMEHOW we hung on, using up every available bit of operating capital and running oversize bills with the lenient paper companies.

Then the silver mines opened with a bang when the government started buying silver again. The people of the little mining town of Shafter came back from wherever they had been hiding and started spending their good

Adventures of a Young Editor Who Writes a Local Column

By RUTH MOORE

salaries in Marfa. And it rained that summer of 1935 after the worst dust storms imaginable. The cattle were not so hot that year, but they sold for a fair price and ranchers began to think they might come out from under some way. A year later, the fort was regarrisoned and Marfa was on the top side and on the upgrade once more.

All this affected us in no small way, for the small country newspaper reflects the prosperity or losses of a small town in direct proportion, and for two youngsters on their first ownership, it meant life or death.

We learned more those first two years than all the rest of the 20-odd put together. We learned how to avoid getting docketed in one clique or another in a small town. We learned how to get along with them all and those on the outside of them all. We learned how to cut prices when the occasion arose and when to stick on the profit when the traffic would bear it. We kept out of politics at all times. And above all we managed to get ourselves located in the town with a position.

It was no mean job to acquire the last since the newspaper had been conducted in a most unbusinesslike manner for several years previous to

its demise and sale in the bankrupt court.

ABOUT a year and a half after taking over the "joint" and making it look like a newspaper instead of a handbill, the masculine half of the firm took to himself a personal column which he entitled "The Cuss Colyum, by the editor, the 'Onery Cuss."

At first it was received with complete frigidity by the town. Its clever cracks and quips went unappreciated. (At least I thought they were clever.) The style was breezy and slightly on the homely side. It included the names of the town's leading and otherwise citizens sometimes in complimentary manner, sometimes revealing a deep dark secret, and sometimes sardonic, but always amusing and with that particular touch which Old Cuss, which the editor called himself in the colyum, has for his own.

One of the town's leading lawyers suffered an amusing hunting mishap which was duly chronicled. For three days he stayed on the other side of the street from the office and answered the daily salutation with a spirited "Humph." By that time, he had received so many congratulations on getting his name in the "colyum" that he

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THIS interesting article is more than the narration of a weekly editor's experiences with a personal column—it's the story of a young couple who went up against rather heavy odds and won out.

Charles Calhoun Moore was graduated from the University of Missouri's School of Journalism in 1930. His wife, who tells the story of his colyuming and their publishing experiences together, was graduated from the same university the same year, but from the School of Education.

Mrs. Moore's article makes a welcome addition to the series on "home town" colyums which *The Quill* has been printing from time to time.



William A. Rutledge, III

THE latitude of expression and leeway of language allowed in sports has developed some of its scribes into premier writers. The prominence attained by current and former sports scribes in fiction and article fields and scenario writing portends the day when one of them will win the Nobel prize for literature.

A bum's a bum for a' that, to paraphrase Robert Burns, on the sports page. Performances are scrutinized with thorough severity. Personalities are analyzed with X-ray clarity and described with the most vivid words in the dictionary. When sports writers do not find a word that precisely fits the meaning they wish to convey, they unhesitatingly coin one.

Every sports figure must be appropriately christened with a nickname. Plain Timothy James Jones cannot remain such. If he is to become a boxer he must be labeled the "Almonia Assassin" — assuming, of course, that there is such a town that he can come from and that he can hold his own with a reputable sparring mate of Class D caliber.

AS an example of sports slang, take a look at boxing. There is a battered fighter who is a bit "off." He can be referred to as "punch drunk," "slug nutty," "slap happy," "goofy," or simply "cutting paper dolls."

One of the most eminent writers of the day is, beyond challenge, Damon Runyon, for years the ace sports scribe of the vast Hearst organization. His short stories have attained first rank among magazines, having been featured in *Collier's*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Esquire*, etc. Several outstanding films have been adapted from his fiction,

Sports Scribes Win Success Writing Fiction and Scenarios

By WILLIAM A. RUTLEDGE, III

among them a Shirley Temple hit and the football movie, "Hold 'Em Yale."

As a scenario writer Runyon demonstrated to Hollywood that he is entitled to a top position. His crisp, pungent phrases and understanding revelations of Broadway characters have imparted vividness and vitality to his work. Although his daily column, "As I See It," is not getting the display that was Brisbane's and his columns to date have had too strong a sports tang, the prospect is that he will develop into a leading columnist with one of the largest audiences in the world.

ALSO a success in this direction is the burly Paul Gallico, a character who in himself is as interesting as any

he ever described in 12 years of sports writing.

The *Saturday Evening Post*, *Vanity Fair*, *New Yorker*, *Esquire*, etc., have become vehicles for his short stories. He is probably the closest approach to a genuine athlete among the top flight sport scribes. He has braved the dangers and tasted the thrills of racing on the Indianapolis Speedway, riding with the Olympic bobsled team, and has been in the ring with Jack Dempsey.

At Columbia University he was a member of the varsity crew. With his diploma still in hand, he was given a job on the New York *Daily News* and for years his column was its most delicious feature. He became so successful in writing fiction and articles on the side for magazines that he quit to devote himself entirely to it.

Later he moved to England with his family in hopes of finding an atmosphere conducive to masterpiece writing. When the Olympics opened up at Berlin, Gallico had to cross the channel and take them in. When the Olympics were over, he had to come back to America. At his own request he recently became a "leg" man for the New York *Daily News* in hopes of finding story material.

SONJA HENIE'S starring film, "One in a Million," was authored by Mark Kelly, former sports editor of the Los Angeles *Examiner*. He was known for years in the sports writing guild as the "Red-headed Rooster of the Arroyos." Darryl Zanuck, production director of 20th Century-Fox, grabbed him off the *Examiner* and has developed him into one of the studio's leading scenario writers. Kelly worked on the script for "Pigskin Parade," which we would appraise as one of the funniest pictures we've seen.

Harley Marquis "Beanie" Walker was also in the sports department of the Los Angeles *Examiner* when Producer Hal Roach hired him as a title writer for the silent films. He has made a near fortune in working his way up to his present position as Roach's associate. "Beanie" has always been a keen student of the ring and his "Come Out Fighting," which ran serially in the *Examiner*, has been acclaimed as a volume of the first order.

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THAT newspaper and press association correspondents have been making good in a big way in the production of books and magazine articles has been an obvious fact in recent months. But perhaps you have overlooked the success being won by their fellow workers in the sports departments.

William A. Rutledge, III, who puts in a word for sports writers in this brief article, is associate editor of Collier's News Bureau, which handles sports news and features. He is a graduate of the University of Iowa School of Journalism, where he was city editor and later sports editor of the *Daily Iowan* and wrote a daily sports column for two years.

Instead of going job-hunting during the depression, he bought a printing plant and weekly paper at La Grange, Ill., which he disposed of when offered his present post by Mr. Collier. He has written fact and fiction for the *American Magazine*, *Central Press Association*, *Turf & Sports Digest*, *Girl's Companion*, *Grit*, *Scholastic*, and other magazines.

You've Got to Have Circulation

Someone Has to Drum Up Readers If a Publication Gets an Audience

By HANSON B. PIGMAN

Circulation Manager, Capper's Farmer

LITERALLY millions of words are written each year about the business and profession of editing. To leaf through courses of study presented in schools of journalism, a definite impression is given that, after all, nothing is greater than the molding of public opinion.

The fallacy of it all seems to me to be in the definition of "public opinion," or, more specifically, "public." Who or what is the "public"? Where does it live? What does it eat? What does it wear? Where does an editor get his "public," anyway?

Merchants, manufacturers, students, artists, and critics of merchandising methods spend more than a billion dollars each year and countless hours in tribute to the Great God Advertising.

Advertising? What is advertising? After all is said and done, isn't the one purpose of advertising to carry a merchandising message to a specific buying public?

What and where is advertising's "public"? Isn't it, by and large, the same public of the editors and the source of profit hoped for by every publisher?

ISN'T it possible that some of advertising's success has been due to the efficiency of circulation departments who have gathered to their respective publications, "audiences" properly receptive to editorial or advertising messages?

Publishers recognize the fundamental values of circulation which are receptive to the editorial contents of their newspapers or magazines. Advertising space salesmen recognize it mathematically in circulation placement according to geographical locations, population groups, age, sex, occupation, present or potential purchasing power.

Space buyers who, in advertising agencies, serve the nation's advertisers by placing advertising in various media, evaluate circulation by comparing circulations as shown in standardized

statements issued through the Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Circulation methods and reader response must be brought to the attention of the space buyer largely through the efforts of the publisher's representatives, the advertising salesmen.

In other words, much of the financial success of a publication depends on its circulation—and the presentation of this circulation to advertisers.

CERTAINLY the efforts of editors should not be minimized. Without first-rate editorial guidance, any publication is doomed to eventual failure. An editor who does not recognize the reading needs of his "public" will more than likely lose readers rather than to gain others more interested in the type of editorial content he is featuring. The first-rate editor must always know his reading "public"; knowing it, he must give it the sort of information and entertainment it wants.

It is true that there are a few publications which place the full financial responsibility of their success or failure squarely on the shoulders of their editors. This is done through high subscription rates with a comparatively high revenue per subscriber and, as an additional source of revenue, the publication depends on the sale of single copies through news stands. This type of publication can be easily recognized by the fact that it contains little or no advertising and whose single copy price is comparatively high; normally, from 25c a copy up.

Investigation will show that in nearly every publication of this sort, circulations are small. In fact, these magazines may be called "class" publications. "Class" in this sense means a publication with a numerically limited following, judged through the criteria of occupation, education, the lack or possession of wealth, and social prominence.

Where circulations must be large to reach certain population classifications, advertising revenue is essential. Circulation income, during the life of the average subscription, will not even commence to pay the mechanical cost of production, let alone the cost of the distribution for these publications.

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PUBLISHING problems, as discussed in *THE QUILL* and other magazines of the profession and business from month to month, have to do principally with those problems as related to the editorial and business offices. Too often the part of the circulation department is overlooked.

Believing that the circulation lads should have an inning now and then, we asked Hanson B. Pigman, circulation manager, of Capper's Farmer, to sound the trumpet for the circulation department this month. He does so, pointing out that in the circulation departments of the nation's newspapers and magazines lie opportunities for the journalism graduate.

Mr. Pigman discusses his subject with a personal knowledge of the editorial, business and circulation departments. After being graduated from the University of Kansas in 1928, he went to the Hutchinson (Kan.) Herald as a reporter. Six months later he was transferred to the advertising department. He joined the advertising staff of the Wichita Beacon in 1929. In 1930, he entered the circulation department of the Capper Publications. He became circulation manager of the Missouri Ruralist in April, 1930, and, in June, 1936, the circulation manager of Capper's Farmer which guarantees a million circulation each issue.

So I'm Stuck in the Sticks!

A FRONT-PAGE gal from the sticks near Chicago is the direct cause of all this. She and her query, "Are you still stuck in the sticks?"

That was the deciding straw, breaking the mental lethargy which almost caused me to accept in self-pity the oft-expressed consolation of acquaintances, some well-meaning and some patronizing. The tune was something like this: "Gosh, but it must be horrible stuck in a small town so far from the excitement on metropolitan newspapers!"

THE Lee Tracys, the Gables and the rest of the Hollywood reporters have done a good job of glorifying American journalism in New York and the foreign adventure fields. They convinced the public, by omission, that all the fun must be in the larger cities, except perhaps for the personal satisfaction peculiar to the country weekly field. They almost convinced me.

The grass in the fields fenced off always appears greener to the cow who cannot get to it. The big city star reporter who sighs for a decent job in the sticks, "where one can have a little monotony and be a big fish in a little pond," isn't unlike we fellows who have all that. He envies us at times, just as we look at his glamorous existence with longing. Like we of the sticks again, a little reflection probably convinces him his own lot is not so bad after all.

Certainly this is true in our case. It does not take years of experience to find that the small city offers its compensations to the writers and editors who have neither a murder a day to keep the rut away nor an industrial war to be described over press association wires.

We do not have as much sensationalism as does the metropolis, but neither do we tire of it as quickly when we do have it. We do not have as many top assignments but, on the other hand, there are not as many top men to handle them. Nonetheless, standards are high, because there are many youths attempting to prove that they can write if given only one chance.

THE fellow who has worked for a few years in a small city on a progressive paper is likely to find that he is making as much as he possibly could be worth as a cog in a metropolitan paper, that he has his share of personal experience stories and that he

Remarks of a Big City Newspaper Gal Bring Retort from a Small City Scribe

By LE ROY M. WANT

has hobnobbed with his share of people who count in national affairs.

Take the South, with its scores of cities of between 25,000 and 100,000 population. To the Easterner it is the sticks. To the journalism school senior it appears perhaps the least inviting section of the journalism field, fit to be used principally as a stepping-stone to larger centers or as a country weekly background.

It isn't as bad as all that, however, for somehow thrills and glamor and human interest and significant developments have a way of diffusing themselves even unto the sticks.

In my own city, for instance, we have had the seaman's strike, some labor violence and almost everything except the sit-down. We had a waterfront fire which was rivaled in interest by President Roosevelt's three visits here and by the week's stop of the First Lady, during which her very footsteps were dogged by a reporter who could learn of even her routine activities in no other way. Then there are our quadruplet producers, Sam and Sallie Glover, negroes who recently had their second set of quadruplets. Only one

of the eight, all born within 17 months, is living.

Pan-American Airways chose our city for a western trans-Atlantic air terminus, just as a few years before a Yankee picked this section to commit one of the first suicide jumps from a plane. National guardsmen patrolled parts of the city during a "war" that involved no front lines except petty politics and the city administration clashed with the governor over which would elect the county rulers. Some significant and some trifling, but all the kind of news that makes a reporter live while other workers exist.

OUR big job is to keep as wide-awake as the big city man, despite absence of the stimuli which keep the metropolitan star on his toes.

We do not have the same sort of competition. Seldom is there more than one morning paper and one afternoon paper in the same community. The trend has gone even further until, in three of the four largest South Carolina communities (we call them cities), both daily newspaper outlets in each place are owned by the same party.

YOUR ambitious young newspaperman in the smaller cities of America isn't going to turn down any flattering offers from a metropolitan paper or magazine—but in the meanwhile he doesn't need or want any sympathy or wisecracks about being "stuck in the sticks." He's found the "sticks" rather pleasant, thank you!

Le Roy M. Want, who presents the view of the small city newspaperman in the accompanying article, is a reporter on the News and Courier in beautiful old Charleston, S. C., one of the most interesting cities in America. After receiving his journalism degree at the University of South Carolina in 1932, when jobs were scarce, he started his own news service and finally served enough state dailies to make it pay. Then he became telegraph editor of the News and Courier. Two years later he decided to take graduate work at the University of Missouri. Returning to Charleston, he became a reporter, specializing in politics, and doing relief desk work.

It is not easy to explain, but lack of competition does not seem to dull the wits of the news staff or make their work less interesting. There is, after all, a different sort of competition, one in which the circulation territory to be fought over involves rural areas rather than metropolitan. The reporters and desk men know that their competition, even though located in a city 100 miles away and not on the same beat, is just as strenuous as personal ambition, community pride and business foresight can make it.

More important, though, is the serving of the public's interest, usually done as sincerely as if there were four metropolitan papers waiting to take loud advantage of any sin of either omission or commission. Our city editors force us to go into significant stories as thoroughly as if ten competitors were appearing simultaneously. In the news field there has been no lessening of that feel for a good story, a story that hasn't come through the boys who run the mimeographs for some official. Stories are published that the dominant political or business interests would like to forget, even though the editors know that if they suppress it there is no one to check up on them.

It isn't quite as easy as it seems. There is a type of "personal" journalism about which the metropolitan brethren seldom hear. The man about whom we write is the man with whom



Le Roy M. Want

we lunch and play golf tomorrow, and it's his wife whom our wives gossip with and about. Everyone knows everyone else and it is so easy to say yes to the man who lives nearby, no matter how unfair his request is. Being fair is a problem and, in meeting it, many small city men find the stimuli that keep them alive and out of the rut.

People in the small cities don't make sense in their views of the press. When an official treats newspapermen in a high-handed manner, withholding information and pictures to which the

public has a well-established legal and moral right, the people do not applaud the reporter and photographer for getting it anyway. Rather, the attitude is: "There isn't any privacy anymore, nothing is sacred from the press." Then, in the next breath, they may express surprise that an occasional scandal breaks in official circles or that officials do not give them the consideration which the constitution and the laws say they should receive.

The public in the small city complains because (they say) we don't print all the news. Then the same people refuse to divulge all the news when they are the source and when the item is of such a routine nature that it can bring grief to no one.

They expect us to be a chamber of commerce, boosting always, and suppressing news which, in the near-sighted view, apparently will do the city no good. Then they fuss because "you can't believe what you read in the papers." We have our publicity seekers in as large a proportion as the big cities, but we also have our sources who simply are constitutionally opposed to newspapers and act accordingly.

Adventure! Glamor! Yes, it's in the small city field too, and these are the obstacles that contribute toward its making. There's fun in trying to do a good job anywhere. Being stuck in the sticks doesn't seem so bad to the men who are in the sticks but not stuck.

Then Old Cuss Came to Town

[Concluded from page 5]

came to see us and tell us how funny he thought it was all the time.

One of the biggest hands the colyum ever got was when it stated about halfway down just one line: "Mr. So-and-So told the truth today." The person in question was the town's best liar, and he had deviated for once from his falsifying methods.

OLD CUSS hands himself the best of the slaps and Cussena, the feminine side of the business, the next worst. Most everybody else in a town where horseplay is rife anyhow, can take the stories told on them whether they are true or not. Old Cuss recently encountered a woman who was highly insulted that her name appeared in the colyum. She said that a woman's name should appear in the newspaper only three times: when she was born, when she married and when she died. But she soon got over it.

Cuss has gotten more done through that colyum of his in the way of civic improvement than he was ever able to do through the regular editorial columns of the paper, and it is because he phrases it in his own homely style instead of the more or less stiff news style.

Subscriptions have jumped and business is better, but the best thing about the whole business is that when the townspeople get the paper they open it to the "colyum" first to see what Cuss has to say. People greet him on the street as Cuss and me as Cussena. They call up and laugh with him over the phone or drop by to see him and comment. And they all tell him everything they know which ought to go in the colyum, and time was when things like that were hushed up and not fit to print.

Old Cuss is not malicious nor is he

trying to hurt people's feelings. His aim is to give the public a laugh and then through the same medium achieve something good for the town.

INCLUDED in everything confidential, because they know he won't let them down; told every plan beforehand; wanted to be with them on every deal of community interest, and accepted as an old-timer in a country where it usually takes 25 years of straight living in a place like the Old West, Old Cuss has come to town and conquered it through the means of being a good citizen, running a decent newspaper, being fair to all comers and most of all by running the most amusing "colyum" in these parts.

And he has done it so well that he is quoted by the big dailies over the state from time to time.

I'm proud of him!



Horace Donald Crawford

JOURNALISTIC pen-pushers 100 years ago faced issues that probably appeared as serious and colossal to them as our sit-down infestations and dangers along Europe's armament-bristling borderlines look to us as news pours over wireless, cable and teletype into our daily newspapers.

We are persistently pulling our feet from the murky quagmire of depression. Optimistically, we started 1937 telling ourselves we had at last glanced around the much-publicized corner and, sure enough, had glimpsed Prosperity in the act of becoming friendly. Then we saw labor sit down, heard oratorical bombshells explode across bulwarks of the Supreme Court, and watched Europe set an unprecedented peace-time pace in a world rearmament race.

Reflecting on "our late unpleasantness," the depression, we may travel backward understandingly along journalism's rocky trail to 1837, claiming a first-hand appreciation of men's reactions in that distant dream-shattering year of financial depression following ill-founded speculations.

DUTCH-ANCESTORED, 55-year-old Martin Van Buren became America's eighth President on March 4 of that year. He took over all but one of Andrew Jackson's cabinet, while "Old Hickory," responsible for Van Buren's political triumph over William Henry Harrison, retired to his Hermitage.

Horace Greeley, who then was editor of the *New Yorker* and in four years would establish the *New York Tribune*, looked back over this period and remarked that General Jackson retired from the Presidency "congratu-

Press Glimpses of 1837

By HORACE DONALD CRAWFORD

lating himself that he left the American people prosperous and happy." In this belief, Greeley added, "never was a man more mistaken."

Van Buren faced the 1837 commercial crisis "with statesmanlike firmness." Immense sales of public lands in 1835-36 had rolled up a high tide of speculations. Harvests were bad in 1836. Importation of more grain increased the already heavy debt to Europe. Southern and Western land buying, added to this importation of grain, drained banks.

Factories were stopped and workmen thrown out of jobs when this "commercial revulsion" spread over the nation. Trade stagnated; bankruptcies "were rather the rule than the exception" among businessmen; property was auctioned at sheriff's sales; millionaire dreams of speculators became bankruptcies in reality.

Political sentiment erupted. Whigs for the first time carried Democratic New York City. Hostility toward Van Buren grew, starting the Whig momentum that defeated Van Buren in 1840 and elected Harrison.

HORACE GREELEY had already written anonymously for Whig papers. One day late in 1837 a stranger climbed to Greeley's "rude editorial attic" where he edited the *New Yorker* and introduced himself as Thurlow Weed, editor of the Albany (N. Y.) *Evening Journal*. At Weed's hotel, Greeley

learned a political idea had been hatched. Greeley was offered \$1,000 to edit a weekly campaign journal through 1838 to be known as the *Jeffersonian*.

Looking back on the period, Greeley thus described the policy of the *Jeffersonian*: "It carefully eschewed abuse, scurrility, and railing accusations. Its editorials were few, brief, and related to the topics of the day—rarely evincing partisanship, never bitterness. . . . In short, it aimed to convince and win by candor and moderation, rather than overbear by passion and vehemence."

American life in the 1830's, as in the 1930's, was marked by change. Historians have designated it as the "decade of storm and stress," and "the riotous thirties."

Benjamin H. Day, who had founded the *New York Sun* on Sept. 3, 1833, suffered decreased profits in 1837 and soon thereafter sold his newspaper for \$40,000. Day was only 27 in 1837, and in less than five years he had built a newspaper whose 30,000 circulation was then the largest in the world. Day started that era of cheap, popular newspapers known as the "penny press."

Scotland-born James Gordon Bennett had by 1837 attained the age of 42, and two years earlier, May 6, 1835, had started the *Morning Herald* which he was to edit for 31 years. Already he was practicing the policies that won

[Concluded on page 20]

IN the stress and strain of dealing with current problems, newspapermen and businessmen alike too often overlook the fact there have been other periods of turmoil, of depression and difficulty in American annals. It's a good idea, every now and then, to be reminded of that fact.

Horace Donald Crawford, who turns back the newspaper pages to a century ago in this issue of *The Quill*, is a former member of the staff of the *Indianapolis News*. For the last three years he has been director of journalism at Franklin College.

He spent the summer in Europe with the traveling journalism seminar conducted under the auspices of the Henry W. Grady School of Journalism at the University of Georgia. Mr. Crawford is now devoting a considerable portion of his time to the writing of articles.



Tully Nettleton

Mr. Nettleton, national president of Sigma Delta Chi, will preside at the convention sessions.



Irving Brant

An editorial writer for the St. Louis Star-Times, Mr. Brant will be one of the numerous outstanding speakers.



Hugh Baillie

National honorary president of the fraternity and president of the United Press Associations, Mr. Baillie will address the convention.

Sigma Delta Chi's 22nd Convention Will Be Held in Topeka Nov. 11-14

SIGMA DELTA CHI'S twenty-second national convention will convene at Topeka, Kansas, Thursday, Nov. 11, for a four-day meeting ending at noon Sunday, Nov. 14. Headquarters will be at the Jayhawk Hotel. Originally planned for Lawrence, Kansas, home of the University of Kansas, the convention is being held instead at Topeka because of a conflict with another convention.

Prominent speakers to appear on the program announced by President Tully Nettleton include Hugh Baillie, president of the *United Press*, and national honorary president of Sigma Delta Chi; U. S. Senator Arthur Capper, president, Capper Publications; Irving Brant, editorial writer for the *St. Louis Star-Times* (*QUILL* readers will recall Mr. Brant's straightforward article in the magazine for July); Henry J. Allen, editor, the *Topeka State-Journal* and former U. S. Senator; and others. William Allen White, editor of the *Emporia (Kan.) Gazette* has accepted a place on the program, subject to returning from a vacation in Mexico in time for the meeting.

Registration of delegates and visiting members will begin at four o'clock Thursday afternoon, November 11. At seven o'clock convention goers will be guests at a smoker tendered by

By **JAMES C. KIPER**

**Executive Secretary,
Sigma Delta Chi**

the Topeka Press Club and Topeka Alumni Chapter of the fraternity. This affair, to be held in the Topeka Press Club quarters, will include a dutch dinner and a full evening of entertainment.

THE convention will be called to order formally Friday morning at eight o'clock by President Tully Nettleton, Washington, D. C., editorial writer for the *Christian Science Monitor*. Herbert G. Barrett, Mayor of Topeka, will extend a welcome to the delegates and visitors. The Friday morning session will be devoted to organization of the convention, appointment of committees and the reading of reports of officers and standing committee chairmen.

The program for Friday afternoon will include a round table discussion session for the undergraduate delegates, for consideration of chapter activities, publications sponsored by chapters, campus newspapers and other publications on which students work. Methods used by several chap-

ters in aiding their graduates to obtain employment will be discussed.

Running concurrently with the undergraduate discussion sessions will be a meeting of alumni delegates, representing alumni in all parts of the country, for consideration of the coming year's alumni program. This program calls for a revision of existing rules governing alumni to provide greater activity and greater support of the national organization and undergraduate chapters.

At three-thirty o'clock the undergraduate and alumni delegates will meet jointly to hear papers by two undergraduate delegates. The papers, yet to be selected, will be based on investigative studies.

At four-thirty Friday afternoon, all delegates and visiting members will hear the report of a special committee appointed last year to study suggested revisions in the fraternity's constitution intended to strengthen the professional character of the society and reduce the financial obligations of undergraduates when admitted to the fraternity.

THE committee, after meeting twice during the year to study proposals from all sections of the membership,

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How Li'l Abner Got His Start—

The Story of Al Capp's Lively Hill-Billy Strip

By FRANK BRADY



Here are the hero and heroine of Al Capp's strip—Li'l Abner himself and Daisy Mae, his faithful but unappreciated sweetheart.

—Courtesy United Feature Syndicate

TRADITION obviously means nothing in the young life of Al G. Capp.

This is manifest, of course, in his daily comic strip and Sunday color page, Li'l Abner, which he draws for the hilarity of the readers of nearly 300 newspapers. Li'l Abner differs radically from any other feature of its sort. It is drastically funnier.

But a flouting of the orthodox shows itself in Capp's career, as well as in his work. One example of this will suffice as proof: the example of the strategy he employed when he once entered New York to seek his fortune.

AS everyone knows, there is one inexorable rule for success in the big city. The aspirant must arrive jobless and with exactly five cents in his pocket. At this fundamental law of achievement Capp scoffed. He gave fate a handicap by stepping from the train at the Grand Central station with an even six dollars in his possession.

This was daring tantamount to foolhardiness. And it doubtless can be ascribed to youth. Capp was only 21 then. Today, in 1937, at the sober and thoughtful age of 27, it is likely that he shudders at the remembrance of his callow rashness.

Yet it may be that at the time it was a proper and a shrewd method, for Capp caught on in New York, at a time when the breadlines and the list of business failures were at their longest. In no time at all he had got himself a job that he could live on, working as an all-round handy-man in the art department of a large newspaper syndicate. And while holding this position and the wolf at bay, he scouted about for better things.

TWO miracles aided him.

One was the character of his landlady. She was not the hard-bitten, palm-out she-Shylock of fiction, but a warm-hearted Irishwoman who, like Capp himself, had faith in Capp. She put the rent on the cuff and staked Capp besides to a dollar a day for carfare, cakes and coffee.

The second miracle was an incident. Capp, with a sheaf of rejected drawings under his arm, was stopped on the

street by a man and a smartly dressed woman who drew their car up alongside him. The man said to Capp:

"I'd like to make a bet with you. I'll bet what you've got under your arm is rejected cartoons."

Capp stared at him, none too pleasantly. "I'm not fixed to pay bets, so I'm not making any. But if it makes you feel any better, you're right." He started to walk on. The man called him back, told him his name, that of one of the country's most famous comic artists—and offered him a job as assistant. It was good money and better experience. Capp says now:

"He was a great artist. His work was then and is now right up with the best in the world. To him I owe all my success."

THUS inspired, Al set about creating a comic strip of his own. What it would be like he did not exactly know. But as he thought of it, there recurred to him the memory of the people he had met and the scenes he had witnessed several years before when he had tramped through the hill country of Georgia and Kentucky and Tennessee. His companion on this walking tour was Donald Munson, now a short story writer. The two were just youngsters then. But upon both, bred in a far different environment, the South and its mountain folk made a vivid and lasting impression.

It was this impression which gave Capp his idea for a comic strip. Seeking characters and settings never before presented in such fashion, it occurred to him that a hill-billy boy would make a hero both different and appealing; and that his background would provide opportunity aplenty for both fun and drama.

The more Capp thought of it, the better he liked the conception. A few weeks later he presented the first sequence of Li'l Abner to the United Feature Syndicate. The editors there saw instantly that the feature was a natural, and forthwith contracted for it. The immediate hit which it made throughout the country promptly vindicated their judgment. For Li'l Abner has made an astoundingly wide and quick hit. It was first released about two and a half years ago. Today, counting South American and European publishers, it appears in nearly 300 newspaper. And it is going up.

And Capp is going to school to find out how to make it go up faster and further.

HE got his lesson several years ago. He once thought he had finished with schools—high schools in his home



Al G. Capp
Creator of the Li'l Abner strip.

city of New Haven, the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, the Museum School and others in Boston. He knew enough, an ample enough.

This was before he made his successful onslaught on New York. He started off once far more gloriously. He managed to get a job as cartoonist for the *Associated Press*. He was then the youngest nationally-syndicated cartoonist in the country. This was distinction. But his work won another distinction. One newspaper ed-

itor wrote in to New York that Capp's creation was "By far the worst cartoon in the country." Al, describing it, was only slightly more conservative. "It was," he says, "a dismal flop."

Hard knocks beget hard thinking. Capp cerebrated heavily, came to the conclusion he didn't know as much as he should have about art, went back to Boston to a fine arts school, married a fellow student, Miss Catherine Wingate Cameron, went broke, hitch-hiked to New York, put Li'l Abner over and—as soon as he could find time, went right back to art school. He attended the Massachusetts Art School and, besides, took short-story writing at the Harvard summer school. He wants to know something about what he's trying to do, both the drawings and the story-building part of it. He is sincere in this. He couldn't be otherwise, for it takes steady plugging and contriving to find time for learning more.

Capp says: "The life of a cartoonist is just about as easy as that of a day laborer. It takes me eight hours a day to do my daily strip and a day and a



Mammy Yokum, Li'l Abner's mother, is a grand character—one of the best to be found on the comic pages.

half to do the Sunday page. If anyone thinks it's easy, well. . . ."

For cartoonists' schools he had no use. In his mind, if a man wants to be an artist, comic or otherwise, he should study art. Cartooning is something to do, not to study.

It may be said that Al was doomed from the very start to become a comic artist. He was born in New Haven, Conn., Sept. 28, 1909. His father was, although an amateur, an excellent comic cartoonist. And Al, along with the four other children of the family, inherited his ability. They could all draw funny pictures. But Al alone thought of doing so professionally.

He was pretty young when this project occurred to him. But it persisted through his years at grammar school

and Hillhouse High School in New Haven and at Central High School in Bridgeport.

At 18 his resolution to make a career of art took more definite shape. He enrolled at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia and, after a year of study there, entered the Designers' Art School and Museum School of Fine Arts in Boston.

It was at this last institution that the great temptation of his life beset him. For awhile his closeness to classical art nearly drove him to become serious. But the wave of madness eventually passed, and Capp was saved for humor.

Al, incidentally, is the father today not only of his big pen-and-ink boy, but of two real little girls. They are Julie

Ann and Catherine, and upon the best of all authority, on the word of their parents, they are the most remarkable children in the world today. The four live together in Amesbury, Mass. While not admiring Julia Ann and little Catherine, Mrs. Capp illustrates children's books.

In his personal manner, Capp is forthright and blunt. Asked recently to reveal the intimate secrets of his life, he replied without hesitation:

"Favorite sports: wrestling, boxing, football. Interested in drawing, the theater, Catherine, Julie and Li'l Abner. I work hard and I spend more time over my drawings than I should. Favorite pastime: doping out new and dramatic and funny situations for the Yokums."

Broad Fields and Fertile Gardens

By E. C. GORRELL

Publisher, The Pulaski County Democrat
Winamac, Ind.

IT'S a nice farm. Uncle Bill took time the first morning of our visit to show us over the place . . . the broad fields of wheat and corn and oats and hay . . . the herd of cattle, the drove of hogs, the flock of sheep.

He makes it pay, too, one year with another, but he has to hit the ball from early morning to late evening, what with the mortgage, taxes, insurance, replacements of machinery, repairs, and a new car once in a while.

Then we went in to Aunt Sue's dinner. There was fried chicken—not unexpected—and trimmings galore. Stewed corn, string beans, Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes, young onions, fresh lettuce, sliced tomatoes, pickles and what not, with pumpkin pie under whipped cream to top it off. She said it was just a "pick up" dinner . . . and she'd put on several of the dishes because she didn't know which of us would like what.

After dinner Aunt Sue took us out to see her garden—her's and the children's—as about all Uncle Bill ever does with it is plow it in the spring. It wasn't much bigger than two or three town lots, but every square foot of it was producing something for the family to eat. There were rows and rows of vegetables, a strawberry bed, and a bank of currant and raspberry bushes at the rear.

"Can the family eat all you raise each summer?" she was asked. And she smiled as she repeated the old gag: "Oh, we eat what we can and what we can't we can."

Sitting on the porch with a mid-afternoon pipe, looking over the fence at that garden, I realized that there are few meals in that home, from one year's end to the next, to which Aunt Sue's garden does not contribute liberally. From the first rhubarb of early spring, down to the harvesting of the last turnips in the fall, that garden makes the family table a joyous place three times a day. Then after the frosts come, I pictured her bringing forth cans of vegetables, berries and jams . . . right on through Thanksgiving, Christmas and late winter, daily making comfortable her family and guests from the bounty of that little garden.

In the haze above the distant hills I saw another picture. I saw the city dailies and national magazines carrying on work like Uncle Bill's . . . the big things of farming and the big things of the publication world. And I saw the small-town dailies and the country weeklies carrying on work like Aunt Sue's . . . the satisfying things of farm life and the satisfying things of the publication game.

Aunt Sue with her garden never feels for an instant that she is called upon to produce the same things Uncle Bill does. He has his spreading fields to till, and she has her limited

plot. She makes use of the same kind of soil, the same sunshine and the same rain that he does, but she never plants corn and wheat because he does, nor raises cattle and hogs because he does.

Yet she makes the family happy three times a day, 52 weeks a year, by intelligently cultivating that garden of hers. Take it away, and life on that farm, even with all its splendid products, would be a dreary, hungry place, indeed.

The metropolitan press, teeming with general news and a multiplicity of features, has its own broad and fertile sphere. The country press, teeming with local news and fireside gossip, likewise has its own sphere . . . the home garden, if you please, which no power on earth can take away as long as proper care and cultivation continue.

They are not in competition with each other, any more than are Uncle Bill and Aunt Sue. She is perfectly satisfied to leave the big job to him, just so she has plenty of strawberries and ripe tomatoes for the family at breakfast, dinner and supper . . . a cellar full of canned goods when company comes . . . an abundance of jelly for the youngsters' school lunches next winter.

By J. GUNNAR BACK

IF I could feed you Harold B. Hersey's book (*Pulpwood Editor*, Frederick A. Stokes Company, N. Y., 301 pp., \$3.00) chapter by chapter, I could spend more time practicing drawing for inside straights. *Lines to the Lancers* would all be written for the year, and Ralph Peters wouldn't be nicking his QUILL budget with telegrams to Lincoln, Neb., for copy.

The reader of the pulps is like the person who never tired of making the same trip to Niagara Falls. He made the first trip because it was the thing everybody else found satisfactory. He returned again and again because he was too unimaginative to be interested, let us say, in a trip to Turkey. Every year the promoters of the Falls developed something a little different to offer, though the main attraction remained the same. And the pulp reader always comes back wanting the same, only a bit different, shopping around until he finds it.

Three printed pages in the back of *Pulpwood Editor* list the 80-odd rough-paper volumes Harold Hersey has edited or published. He has spent nearly 25 years cracking the whip over his space fillers. Out of that emerges his first central observation: the pulp writer never deviates from the formula. His readers, to take one instance, revel in traveling into the open spaces of the western magazine. But always they require the same roving cowhand, the same buddy, the same distinction among women, your sister and nobody's sister, the same quick wind-up against villainy, the same wedding bells in the last paragraph. Editor Hersey, in 47 pages, analyzes every kind of a pulp on the stands and hands you a similar safe formula.

The second central observation is that the only pulp writer worth a nickel is one who knows the rules and writes in torrents of English. Hersey once came upon H. Bedford Jones, the great word merchant, doing two novels simultaneously. He was using two typewriters. In one machine he had a Chinese tale under way, in the other a western sizzler. He alternated be-

tween machines all day long. Another of Hersey's writers, on his deathbed, regretted the necessity of *dictating slowly*. The dying man was turning out 21,000 words a week of salable fiction.

To write at that rate requires that the author be a natural-born story teller with a certain glowing spark. While this spark does not produce literature, it is responsible for reading that is hypoed with action from start to finish. Not too infrequently it produces something that might be good enough for the anthologies if its pure gleam could be discerned behind the flaming covers on the newsstand.

Hersey divides pulpwood writers into two classes, with subdivisions within those classes. The professional is "one who has learned to take punishment, the amateur is one who has not. The professional disciplines himself to long, tedious hours at the 'mill' . . . he can turn out a yarn on any subject of any length and at any given time, either woven around his own theme or one suggested by the editor, whereas the amateur is incapable of adapting his talents to a practical purpose." The professional has long since ceased worrying about individuality or inspiration in self-expression. He is a quantity writer. Once he has been accepted, he ranks as a "divine," one whose work has a large following, or as a "dependable" who competently, if not brilliantly, fills the gaping maw of each new book before the deadline closes in.

No pulpwood editor ignores the manuscripts of beginners, whether they're received through the mails, through an agent, or are concealed in the morning newspaper on the editor's doorstep. If the newcomer shows promise, the editor will put him under a regimen. The writer will have to make a stream flow from his typewriter—written on order, subject to constant revision, if necessary. Rejection slips at first must be disregarded by the writer as he disregards the falling of leaves in autumn. Black coffee will become the writer's favorite drink, but he will have no mortgages on his house if he can stand the pace.

It is into this fast-and-furious brotherhood that Harold Hersey invites you in *Pulpwood Editor*. He tells you what the editor contributes to the

partnership. Hersey has ridden many a see-saw as a blue-penciler. He gives you a biography or two of successful pulpeters. He has a warm affection for most of his crew. That crew is both hectic and quiet. It serves one Frankenstein, an unimaginative public that wants to be lifted out of its normal existence and to be carried away from it all, not by means of Mozart's music but by means of a trip to Coney Island.

Reading Harold Hersey's *Pulpwood Editor* is like taking a submarine trip for the first time. There are some interesting things to see indeed in this sub-world of literature of which he writes. If you are going to make it your home, Harold Hersey shows you the mermaids along with the sharks.

The first issue of *Pipe & Pouch*, a new magazine devoted to the interests of pipe smokers, has just made its appearance, featuring original articles by Hendrik Willem Van Loon, Edward G. Robinson and John Erskine on various phases of smoking. It marks a bold departure from accepted publishing and merchandising practices by combining the editorial features of a magazine with the advertising technique and purposes of a mail-order catalogue.

Among the editorial departments which cater to the special interests of pipe smokers are "Famous Pipe Smokers of History," "Smokers Forum," "The Poet and His Pipe," "Tramps With the Outdoor Smoker," and "With Pipe and Book." In keeping with the present journalistic trend, well known pipe smokers



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Although the mail-order advertisements feature the products of the sponsors of *Pipe & Pouch*, other prominent brands of pipes and tobaccos are also offered. Called a "catalog-magazine," *Pipe & Pouch* may be obtained free by writing The Pipe and Tobacco Guild, Ltd., 79 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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The *Studebaker Wheel* is now under the editorial direction of Walker G. Everett, formerly with Roche, Williams and Cunningham advertising agency in Chicago, Ill. Mr. Everett announces: "The policy of this magazine will be somewhat changed. We intend to use a great many more pictures and prefer articles to be short and very fully illustrated, with good, captioned, pictures. We still use anything that is of interest to the average motorist. The same rate is paid for articles and up to \$5.00 each for pictures accepted."

Contests

The current issue of *Pipe & Pouch*, catalog-magazine of The Pipe and Tobacco Guild, Ltd., announces a new poetry contest, the winner to be awarded \$100.00 in cash. Poems must deal with some phase of pipes, tobacco or smoking generally. No restrictions are placed on length, verse form or the manner in which the subject is treated. Poetry Editor Harold Roberts says the same considera-

tion will be given satire and humor as whimsical, sentimental and other treatments.

Contestants need buy no merchandise or meet any requirements other than to submit only original, unpublished poems. Both men and women are invited to enter as many poems as they wish prior to the closing date, Feb. 15, 1938. Arthur Guiterman, Joseph Auslander and Edwin Markham will serve as the Jury of Award. On acceptance of the first prize all rights to the prize-winning poem will become the property of The Pipe and Tobacco Guild, Ltd., which also reserves the right to purchase any other submitted poems for \$10.00 each.

For full details regarding this contest write Harold Roberts, Poetry Editor, *Pipe & Pouch*, The Pipe and Tobacco Guild, Ltd., 79 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

★

Editor E. Field, of *Psychology*, announces: "We publish personal experience stories, submitted by readers of *Psychology* magazine, each month. We shall be glad to print yours. The story (preferably 1200 to 1500 words) must be true and should portray an actual experience or personal observation of the author—preference given to those which illustrate applied psychology in everyday living. Stories accepted and used, in addition to the prize story will be paid for at our regular rates. All manuscripts for December contest must be postmarked not later than midnight Dec. 31, 1937." Address Contest Editor, *Psychology*, 404 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

You've Got to Have Readers

[Concluded from page 7]

In a sense, an editor for a publication which sells little or no space to advertisers—is handicapped. Paradoxically, one would think that the editor for a publication which does not sell advertising space would have more room available for editorial material, but this is not true, for the editor for such a publication must be very careful as to the number of pages in his "book," being limited by comparatively low income, which precludes the possibility of magazines with a large number of pages. The cost of postage on heavy "books" is no small item of expense.

MOST editors know that the amount of space available for their use in each issue of their magazine or newspaper is in direct proportion to the amount of advertising space sold for the particular issue. Witness, the number of pages in the average Monday metropolitan daily newspaper and the small amount of editorial space available in magazines for average midsummer issues.

Circulation managers like magazines and newspapers which present a good physical appearance. They know that it is easier to sell subscriptions when the publication has a comparatively large number of pages. They know this because more advertising means more available space for editors who can then include more varied types of articles. And, it is true in the sale of subscriptions, as in the merchandising of package goods, that a good-looking

magazine is easier to sell. Further, a neat, inviting newspaper or magazine will be more likely to be thoroughly read.

If a publication is to be of any value to the advertisers—it must be read.

All of which is another way of saying that the departments of any publication must be cooperative, that they are essential one to the other.

IT seems to me that the circulation manager stands in the position of hired man and coordinator. He is more or less subservient to the advertising salesman—because of the importance of cash income to his publisher. He works in conjunction with the editor to be able to give that editor the audience he wants and needs.

All in all, the circulation manager stands in the center of a jolly circle. He must be something of an editor in order to understand the problems, hopes, and aims of that department. He must appreciate the problems of the advertising space salesman, and through practical means, be able to satisfy his needs.

The circulation manager produces the raw material to be processed by editors and advertising men. In his own right, and for the promotion of circulation, he must have a knowledge of editing, advertising sales, layout, direct mail, the mechanics of printing and the mechanics of duplication of direct mail pieces.

In addition, the manager of a circu-

lation department is a sales manager. He is selling a product and must see to it that it is properly and promptly delivered. Then, too, he must always keep in mind his dual capacity of sales manager for a finished product and the producer of a "raw material" which must be processed by the editor and advertising salesman—and sold to advertisers.

CIRCULATION has not been romanticized. It seems to lack color, or perhaps it may be simply that it is difficult to grow sentimental over the addition of a name to the mailing list.

Yet, it seems to me that of the three major departments that go to make up the organization of any newspaper or magazine, "circulation" is the last to have been given any great attention. Therefore, circulation presents the greatest opportunity for young men coming out of our colleges and schools of journalism.

Work in circulation departments presents an opportunity to learn not one department but three at the same time, and to learn the necessary lesson of an equilibrium which must exist in the sense of coordination and help between all departments.

Perhaps you haven't given circulation any thought. I wish, however, that while you are reading your newspaper at the breakfast table, or when you buy a magazine from your favorite news stand, you will realize that some circulation man has probably spent sleepless nights trying to figure out a way to get you to read "his" newspaper or magazine instead of that of the competitors.

You may like the editorial contents, or you may be an avid reader of advertisements—but you couldn't be reading that publication if it hadn't been there for you to read. Someone had to make it available. Someone had to sell it to you.

Regardless of your reasoning, I will wager that there is a circulation manager lurking somewhere in the background of your reading habits. You may be one of the farmers *Capper's Farmer* wants on its mailing list, or you may be a true city dweller. It makes no difference. Somewhere, a circulation manager is considering you as a problem.

ACCORDING TO —

"Let me congratulate you upon the consistently bright, informative material in *THE QUILL*."—JOHN T. CARLTON, the *Atlanta Journal*.

THE QUILL for October, 1937

Had You Heard—

By DONALD D. HOOVER

JULIUS CAESAR, way back in 30 B. C., was the founder of the first daily newspaper and all along we thought that he was only Mark Antony's rival. . . . Rumors are still active that STEPHEN B. EARLY, secretary in charge of press relations at the White House, may resign to join a New York publicity firm. . . . FRED W. ALLSOPP, general manager and co-owner of the Little Rock *Arkansas Gazette*, enjoyed a surplus of anniversaries recently when he celebrated his 45th wedding anniversary and his 53rd year of affiliation with the *Gazette*. . . . Another anniversary was celebrated by KELTON B. MILLER, publisher, Pittsfield (Mass.) *Berkshire Evening Eagle*, when he passed his 77th milestone. . . . RICHARD WATTS, JR., drama critic of the New York *Herald Tribune*, finds Times Square a quiet spot after a six weeks' sojourn in Madrid and surrounding territory. . . . PERCY S. BULLEN, British newspaper correspondent, has been honored with an appointment to a life membership in the Association of Foreign Press Correspondents in the United States. . . . Most of us will have many pleasant recollections when we are again entertained by that famous character, "Foxy Grandpa," created by CARL E. SCHULTZE, better known as BUNNY. . . . GUY L. SMITH, publisher of the Johnson City (Tenn.) *Beacon*, has been appointed editor of the Knoxville *Journal*. . . . PAUL BLOCK has bought the interest of WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST in the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette*, the city's only morning newspaper, and is now sole owner. . . . DUDLEY FAY and ROBERT N. MANN are the newest members of the New York advertising staff of *Time*. . . . Hollywood moved to Weaverville recently and Editor R. A. GREENWELL of the Weaverville *Trinity Journal*, took advantage of the fact and obtained some first-hand interviews from Olivia De Havilland and George Brent. . . . According to DR. FRANK L. McVEY, the present age may be known as the "lost century" if the inferior grades of paper and ink now used in books, newspapers and documents, are continued. . . . Columbia University has been given a copy of the July 4, 1869, issue of "The Constellation," published in New York and known as the largest newspaper ever printed in the United States—it measures 72 by 100 inches,

all in solid type. . . . The *Herald*, oldest continuous business in Tippecanoe City (Ohio), which has been so capably managed by MRS. HELEN M. LANGLEY since the death of her husband, has been sold to CLAYTON FINCH of Chicago. . . . Another Buckeye deserving our "cum laude" is HENRY WOODWARD of Carrollton, who just celebrated his 81st birthday and is the oldest active printer in Ohio. . . . The mysterious disappearance every week-end of G. A. WILLIAMS, editor of the Plains (Mont.) *Plainsman*, has been solved, since he mentioned the excellent fishing to be found about 20 miles up in the mountains. . . . Friday the 13th holds no terror for Editor E. H. BOYD of the Casa Grande (Ariz.) *Dispatch*, it's the Friday following the 13th that seems to put the jinx on his pressroom. . . . The Gannett Newspapers are nothing if not modern since acquiring a new Stinson Reliant plane for the use of their reporters and photographers, making this the fourth new ship these papers have purchased. . . . The Birmingham *News* has changed its rule against using the word "local" and substituting the name of a city or locality, when a conscientious desk man, handling a story of an operation in New York, said the doctor worked under a "New York anesthetic." . . . We are wondering, since CLARENCE ROBERTS, editor, *Oklahoma Farmer-Stockman*, Oklahoma City, has added banker's duties to his other tasks, how about banker's hours? . . . AUGUST ENDER, well known Wisconsin newspaper editor and publisher recently purchased the Neillsville (Wis.) *Press*. . . . Editor and general manager of the Ridgway (Pa.) *Daily Record* since 1918, A. T. THOMPSON, JR., resigned. . . . Lady Liberty was a welcome sight to FRANK HAYES of the Chicago *Daily News* on returning to the U. S. after serving a year as correspondent in Vienna. . . . We are envying EUGENE B. BLOCK of the San Francisco *Call-Bulletin*, who was assigned to go to sleep on the job—the assignment called for a nap aboard a new cross-country passenger plane and a description of his sensations. . . . ALICE A. BAILEY and FOSTER BAILEY are the editors of a new monthly magazine, the *World Observer*, devoted to the promoting of a better understanding between nations—a timely publication we'd say. . . . And so to press.



At the Helm - in time of need

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Annual Roll Call
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• THE BOOK BEAT •

Collected Editorials

FORTY YEARS ON MAIN STREET, by William Allen White. Edited by Russell H. Fitzgibbon. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. xii + 409 pp. \$3.00.

"Forty Years on Main Street" is a collection of representative editorials by one of America's best known and most admired journalists, William Allen White, as compiled by Russell H. Fitzgibbon. The book has a foreword by Frank C. Clough, managing editor of Mr. White's *Emporia (Kansas) Gazette*.

Mr. Fitzgibbon opens his introduction with an explanation of the scope and place of the editorial in literature, since this is the form through which Mr. White has gained his fame.

Reminding his readers that it is doubtless yet too early to determine Mr. White's ultimate place in journalism, Mr. Fitzgibbon does, nevertheless, on the basis of his appraisal of the place of the editorial in literature and Mr. White's use of this form, predict that he "will be long remembered as one of the foremost of American newspapermen."

"Certainly," he writes, "he has been a spokesman, though not always a consistent one, of the liberalism which flared into brilliant flame during the first Roosevelt's administrations, continued with somewhat changed emphasis during the Wilsonian period, and was rekindled with a reflection of new lights and shadows in the administration of Franklin Roosevelt. Certainly Mr. White has been a leader in one cause after another. One need only consult his editorials, almost at random, to be satisfied on that score. If that leadership be expressed through a refreshing and original mind and a vigorous pen rather than in seeking after political office, it is none the less leadership of the first order."

The editorials in this collection, some four hundred in number, are grouped under these headings, the arrangement being what the author calls the logical rather than the chronological: "Principally Personal," "Up and Down Commercial Street," "The Sunflower State," "On the National Stage," "A Postscript on the 1936 Campaign," "The War and the Aftermath," "World Viewpoints," "Portraits," "The Fourth Estate," "The Growth of a Liberal," "From the Editorial Pulpit," "Listening to the Fairies," and "In Lighter Moments."

The book is illustrated.—JOHN E. DREWRY, Director, Henry W. Grady School of Journalism, The University of Georgia.

HOW WRITERS WRITE, edited by Nettie S. Tillett. Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York. 221 pp. \$2.00.

Through the efforts of Miss Tillett, of the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina, and the co-operation of various authors and publishers, the reader has in this volume a collection of essays or letters from many of the literary world's luminaries telling how they work and commenting in interesting fashion upon their respective fields. For example, "The Creative Task," penned by Joseph Conrad as a preface to "The Nigger of the Narcissus." Harold Nicolson tells how he writes biographies; Somerset Maugham's short story methods are revealed; Philip Wylie discusses writing for the movies, etc. The other authors represented are: John P. Waters, Elizabeth Drew, Edith Wharton, Ellen Glasgow, Paul Green, William

It's a Fact

—That the dots or marks under the author's name in library books is in compliance with a rule of the American Library Association to indicate that the name of the author of the book has been verified.

♦ ♦ ♦

—That Ruskin's family encouraged his writing by paying him for his literary efforts at fixed rates—one shilling for a page of Homer, a penny for 20 lines of original composition, and four pence for an article on mineralogy.

♦ ♦ ♦

—That, speaking of "Doodling," Hawthorne had been in the habit, for years, of idly scribbling the number 64, feeling that it held some fatal meaning for him. He died in 1864.

♦ ♦ ♦

—That Thackeray's daughters were so busy reading Dickens' works that they wouldn't read their father's books till later in life, always asking him to try to write like Dickens.

—Everyman's Library.

Ellery Leonard, and Virginia Woolf. Anyone interested in writing will find this well worth his time.

Rapid Reviews

AN ADVENTURE WITH A GENIUS, *Recollections of Joseph Pulitzer*, by Alleyne Ireland. E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York. 236 pp. \$2.50.

A remarkable story of one of the ablest figures American or any other journalism ever produced—Joseph Pulitzer—written by one of the men who served the brilliant but blind publisher of the *New York World* as his secretaries. Written about 1914 under the title "Joseph Pulitzer-Reminiscences of a Secretary," it was reissued in 1920 under the present title. Continued interest in and demands for the book led to the present edition. You will find it a brilliant piece of impressionistic portraiture.

SINGING DRUMS, by Helen Welshimer. E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York. 1937. 159 pp. \$1.50.

A collection of the verses of a very capable Ohio newspaper woman, whose feature articles for NEA Service's *Everweek Magazine* section made her by-line one of the best known among the feature writers of the country. There is a charm and lyric quality to her verse, written of and about familiar themes, that gives her lines a universal appeal. Miss Welshimer recently resigned from NEA to devote full time to her own writing.

GIVE YOURSELF BACKGROUND, by F. Fraser Bond. Whitelesey House, the McGraw-Hill Book Co., New York. 218 pp. \$2.00.

Who wouldn't like to appear to have background? Culture? To be "well read"? To be a good conversationalist? How such qualities could be of aid to a reporter seeking a story or to anyone seeking to make a good impression or to be "good company." This volume is not, however, a text on how to develop "front." It is rather a straight-forward, factual, informative account that outlines ways and means by which the average individual with conscious application and endeavor can make himself more attractive to himself and to others. Mr. Bond, formerly professor of journalism at Columbia University, doesn't use a lot of big words to explain his program of using newspapers, magazines, the movies, radio and the public library to get greater enjoyment out of living and at the same time, self-development.

Sigma Delta Chi Convention

[Concluded from page 11]

has prepared a report which proposes changes in the classifications of membership, lowering of the initiation fee, establishment of eight permanent committees dealing with press legislation, awards, personnel problems, scholarship, research, fraternity publications, fraternity finances in general, and endowments.

The committee proposes to set up a "professional" class of membership, for which editorial workers (including executives) and business writers would be eligible. Those members out of journalism would be known as "associate" members. Student members of the fraternity would be known as "junior" members, and would be eligible for "professional" membership after two years of experience in the editorial field. The fourth classification, "fellow," would be honorary, conferred by the convention only upon members or non-members for outstanding accomplishments.

All undergraduate and alumni chapters have been provided with copies of the proposal in advance so that delegates may be instructed to represent them properly at convention. The entire membership has been informed of the committee's proposal, drawn up from suggestions from chapters and individual members, through a recent issue of the fraternity's house organ, the *Synoptic*.

FRIDAY evening the two Topeka newspapers, the *Daily Capital* and the *State-Journal*, will be hosts to the convention at a dinner on the roof-garden of the Jayhawk. Speakers and entertainment are to be provided by the newspapers.

Saturday morning at ten o'clock, following a business session, the entire convention party will travel to Lawrence, 27 miles from Topeka, to join the editors of Kansas in a meeting to hear a speech by Hugh Baillie, president of the *United Press*. The editors and Sigma Delta Chi members will be guests of the University of Kansas at a football game between the University of Kansas and Kansas State College teams.

Following the game, the entire convention party will return to Topeka for the high point of the meeting—the convention banquet. Besides the prominent speakers who will appear, the leading dance orchestra of Kansas has been booked to supply the entertainment.

THE QUILL for October, 1937

The winners of the F. W. Beckman Efficiency and Kenneth C. Hogate Professional Achievement trophies will be announced at the banquet.

The closing session Sunday morning will include committee reports, consideration of new business, election of officers and the Service of Remembrance honoring the memories of those members who have died since the last convention.

LOCAL arrangements for the convention are being made by John J. Kistler, adviser to the University of Kansas Chapter, Ralph T. Baker, director of the Kansas State Press Association and president of the Topeka Alumni Chapter; Kenneth L. Morris, president of the University of Kansas active chapter, and Marco Morrow, national executive councilor and assistant publisher of the *Topeka Daily Capital*.

Undergraduate delegates and officers will be housed at the Jayhawk Hotel, convention headquarters, which

is opening all facilities to convention goers.

Because of the central location of Topeka in respect to chapters and membership in general, an attendance larger than that of any previous convention is expected at the Topeka meeting. In many cases the entire membership of chapters will attend. More than 20 alumni chapters will be represented by official delegates. A peak attendance of more than 350 is expected.

WILLIAM F. CANFIELD (Wisconsin '32), who has been business manager of the Wisconsin Press Association, has been appointed full-time associate in the general offices of The Inland Daily Press Association it is announced by John L. Meyer (Wisconsin Associate) Secretary-Treasurer. Mr. Canfield is to be in charge of the members' confidential service department of The Inland. Mr. Canfield graduated from the University of Wisconsin School of Journalism in June, 1932. He became full-time assistant manager of the Wisconsin Press Association in 1932, acting manager to succeed Bruce R. McCoy in September, 1935, and business manager of the organization in April, 1936. He worked his way through the university by doing newspaper work, assisting in the office of the Wisconsin Press Association.

HOTEL
Jayhawk
Topeka, Kansas



Sigma Delta Chi
Convention Headquarters
November 11-14

RATES: From \$2.00 up With Bath, From \$2.25

Stay at the Center of Activity

Press Glimpses of 1837

[Concluded from page 10]

him the distinction of being the pioneer of independent journalism.

NEW YORK'S *Sun*, *Transcript*, and *Herald* were all successfully experimenting, along with a few other papers, with the low selling price of one penny. "Penny press" journalism really came into public notice in 1837 and 1838, with the *Herald* taking the lead. Editors and managers of "six-penny" papers attacked the *Herald*, and these so-called "respectable six-pennies" held the cheap journals in contempt. One commentator on the period aptly said, "Sneer followed success, and more success succeeded sneer."

Bennett's four-page *Herald* defied party control, sought wide acquisition of news, exposed fraud, printed facts instead of opinion, obstinately built up its penny circulation, and otherwise pioneered in modern journalism practices. Bennett was its sole editor, reporter and contributor at first, with his office in a Wall Street cellar.

Gaunt, vigorous David Hale, business and commercial manager of the *Journal of Commerce*, saw the handwriting of future journalism on the wall, strode his tall form into Bennett's *Herald* editorial office about this time and proposed joining the *Herald* "in getting news." Out of this conversation, remarked an early historian of the press, was born the New York *Associated Press*.

Competitive efforts at collecting news led to co-operation, forced or otherwise. New York newspapers experienced keen rivalry in sending row boats to collect news from incoming ships. A few news associations of local scope were formed in the 1830's, and in 1837 New York was reported to have three collecting marine news.

Bennett added fuel to the harbor news-gathering war in 1837 by saying: "News-boats, nay, steam-boats I can afford to get to pick up news." That was a bold statement for the editor of a paper founded only two years before on \$500!

SUNDAY papers had started 12 years earlier, in 1825, when the *Sunday Courier* appeared in New York, a century after that city's first newspaper. A few other experimental Sunday papers had been undertaken by 1837, although sentiment against them was strong in the North.

Sporting journalism had begun in

1831 when handsome, flashy-dressed William T. Porter, a New York printer with sporty ideas, established the *Spirit of the Times*—modeled after the well-established and reputed *Bell's Life in London*.

Carrier pigeons and messengers mounted on ponies carried special news from Washington to New York, Baltimore and Philadelphia. F. B. Morse's telegraph, destined to revolutionize news transmission, was not to have its first experimental line stretched between Washington and Baltimore until 1843, six years later.

Henry Jarvis Raymond, future founder in 1851 of the New York *Times* was in 1837 at 17-year-old youth in the University of Vermont, already interested in New York journalism and sharpening his pencils to begin contributing essays while in college to Greeley's *New Yorker*.

Albert Brisbane, father of the late famous Arthur Brisbane, at that time began reading Greeley's *New Yorker* articles on "What Shall be Done for the Laborer?" These were based on devastating working conditions caused by the 1837 panic. Brisbane became interested in the community socialization philosophy of the French economist, Francois Charles Marie Fourier, who died in 1837. Embracing the French "socialist's" ideas while traveling in Europe, Brisbane is credited with introducing the Fourierism movement into the United States, where it later received momentum through Brisbane-written columns in Greeley's *Tribune*.

William Cullen Bryant by 1837 was 43 and already had spent 11 years of the more than 50 in which he was to edit the old New York *Evening Post*, in which capacity Greeley once attacked him with *Tribune* capital letters: "You lie, you villain, you sinfully, wickedly, basely lie."

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER became the 30-year-old editor of the Philadelphia-published abolition paper, the *Pennsylvania Freeman*. A year earlier, in 1836, he had been made secretary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, wedding his destinies to that then unpopular cause until the emancipation of slaves became a reality.

William Lloyd Garrison, 32 years old in 1837, had founded the *Liberator* in 1831 in Boston, was severely attacked by a Boston mob in 1835, and by 1837 was well started on the anti-slavery

crusade he was to carry on to the close of the war between the states.

William H. Seward, Abraham Lincoln's future secretary of state, was the 36-year-old candidate for New York's first Whig governor, a position to which he was elected by a 10,421 majority in 1838.

Thomas Green Fessenden, a pioneer in agricultural journalism, died Nov. 11, 1837, after editing the *New England Farmer* from its founding in August, 1822. Massachusetts agricultural and horticultural societies paid tribute to his talents and labors by erecting a monument in his honor.

Abraham Lincoln, destined to provide more news than any man of the Nineteenth Century, moved in 1837 to Springfield, Ill., where he engaged in law practice and sponsored the removal of the Prairie state's capital from Vandalia to Springfield.

Glimpses of men and measures of the press in 1837 reveal that personal and independent journalism were beginning to wield gigantic influence in American life. Editorial sharpshooters were training for the greatest internal crisis in the nation's history—the Civil War. We may read with pride our many-edited, featured, pictured newspapers of today, but we cannot turn to our editorial pages without realizing their heritage from men of character, courage, sincerity and vigor of style who, a century ago, helped mold editorial policies and fight the public's battles in behalf of American democracy.

Bull's Blood

[Concluded from page 4]

on column stuff, features, signed contributions, cartoons and even news articles. The writer's gain is not the publisher's loss. The reader gains because he is thereby induced to read some mighty able editorials which, if printed anonymously, wouldn't interest him. The publisher can well afford to let his writers take more vigorous attitudes under such a system, for, if he likes, he can disclaim moral responsibility for the views expressed. The writer, if placed under such added responsibility, will be more thorough and careful and take much more pride in his product. It is a game in which everybody wins.

The anonymous editorial is as out-of-date as a surrey. Journalistic influence is as potent as it ever was. It can't live by the technic of the anonymous, composite, mythically institutional, fence-straddling, hot-and-cold, disembodied voice.

WHO · WHAT · WHERE

ARTHUR C. PALM (Western Reserve '28) was recently appointed sales promotion manager of the Davey Compressor Co., Inc., Kent, Ohio. Palm is the author of three books, the latest of which, "Death Rides with Venus," was published June 1 by Greystone Press. He has written more than a hundred stories and articles for national magazines. His first act in his new position was the inauguration of a house organ entitled the "Davey Diary."

LAMAR RENSBERGER (Indiana '34) is a copy editor on the staff of the Indianapolis News.

ROY L. HICKOX (Oklahoma '35) is managing editor of the Guthrie (Okla.) Daily Leader.

ROBERT GAMZEY (Colorado '32), who has been a sports writer for the Denver Post since his graduation, announces the birth on June 22 of his second child, a daughter.

R. L. SWEGER (Florida '29), editor, the Gadsden County Times, Quincy, Fla., is serving in the biennial session of the Florida State Legislature as a member of the Senate from the sixth Florida district. Sweger was formerly a member of the House of Representatives in Florida.

WESLEY C. PEARCE (DePauw '35) is doing sales promotion for J. B. Simpson, Inc., Chicago.

LEITH F. ABBOTT (Oregon '21) is handling advertising and publicity for the Southern Pacific railroad in the Oregon division.

FRANK SONNEBORN (Indiana '37) joined the reportorial staff of the New Bedford (Mass.) Standard-Times in March.

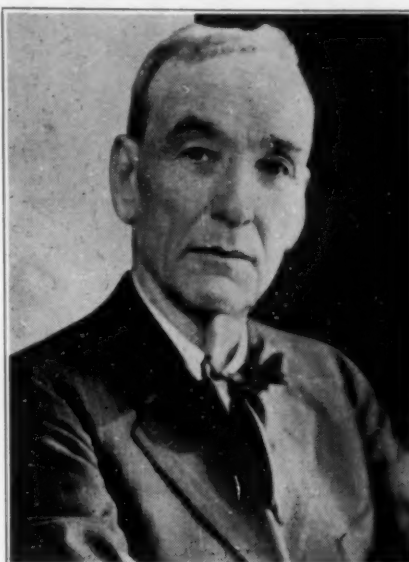
JASPER N. BELLINGER (Oregon '33) was married March 7, 1937, to Miss Mary Louise Martin at Pomona, Calif. Mr. and Mrs. Bellinger sailed March 8 on the "Tatsuta Maru" for Japan where Mr. Bellinger is now teaching English in Aoyama Gakuin College.

CHARLES F. EDWARDS (Missouri '36), former advertising manager of the Shelby (Mo.) Democrat, is now classified advertising manager of the Chillicothe (Mo.) Constitution-Tribune.

RICHARD ELAM (Oklahoma Associate), former manager of the Wetumka (Okla.) Gazette, recently purchased the Sentinel, Stonewall, Okla., and now publishes this paper. The management of the Wetumka Gazette has been turned over to his brother, J. Francis Elam.

THE QUILL for October, 1937

Sage Passes



Edgar Watson Howe

Mr. Howe, 84-year-old author, editor and publisher, known widely as "The Sage of Potato Hill" and as the author of "The Story of a Country Town," died Oct. 3 in his sleep at his home at Atchison, Kans. He was the founder of the Atchison Globe.

HUGH A. BARNHART (Indiana '15) one of the publishers of the Rochester (Ind.) News-Sentinel, was appointed State Excise Administrator of Indiana by Gov. Townsend.

MAURICE S. BERNARDIK (Georgia '35), formerly with the Atlanta Constitution, has joined the staff of the magazine Commonsense in New York.

WILLIS G. FOSTER (California '29) is a district supervisor of the Federal Arts Project, being in charge of its operations in Oakland and Alameda Counties, Calif., with his headquarters at 33 Beverly Road, Berkeley, Calif. He is a book reviewer for the Argonaut, a San Francisco weekly publication.

KYLE VANCE, who participated in THE QUILL debate between state editors and correspondents, is now sports editor of the Johnson City (Tenn.) Press.

HARRY B. RUTLEDGE, former field manager for the Oklahoma Press Association and later managing director of the National Editorial Association, has become director of press relations for Rotary International, with offices in Chicago.

FRANK JENKINS, formerly of the Boston Herald Traveler, has taken charge of the

publicity activities of Doubleday, Doran & Co., publishers.

WINBURN T. ROGERS (Georgia '36), formerly of the Atlanta Constitution staff, has become advertising manager of the Griffin (Ga.) Daily News.

JOSEPH EDELSTEIN (Wisconsin '31) has been transferred from the Albany, N. Y., bureau of United Press to the New York City bureau.

VALCO LYLE (Georgia '32) is with the Atlanta (Ga.) bureau of United Press.

NORMAN RUMPLE (South Dakota State '37) has joined the staff of the Midland (Mich.) Republican.

ALBERT J. DURANTE (Washington and Lee '36) is with General Public Relations, Inc., 80 Broad Street, New York, N. Y.

LLOYD WILKINS (Indiana '37) is a reporter on the Indianapolis Star.

VICTOR CRAZE (Texas '35) is on Ken McClure's news staff at Station WOAI, San Antonio.

LELAND W. PLUNKETT (Texas '35) is teaching journalism at Arkansas State College.

JOSEPH H. CONROY (Texas '35) is employed by the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Eagle.

BURT DYKE (Texas '26) works with the Texas Students Publications, Inc., at the University of Texas, Austin.

JOHN F. HART (Texas '23) is editor-publisher of the Texas Commerce Journal.

STUART LONG (Texas '36) is with the Winkler Sun, Kermit, Texas.

GEORGE BOSWELL (Georgia '37), former president of the University of Georgia Chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, left the campus late in April to assume the editorship of the Bartow Herald, Cartersville, Ga.

DEE CARLTON BROWN (Pennsylvania '13) has been elected vice-president of Geare-Marston, Inc., advertising agency, Philadelphia and New York. He is in charge of production, embracing copy, art and mechanical preparation.

RALPH A. BEEBE (Columbia '31) is chief of the editorial department of the National Industrial Conference Board of New York City.

AS WE VIEW IT

Fighting Back

NEWSPAPERS have been too inclined in the past to let things go as they would—as they always had been done before. There has been and still is too little inclination to keep pace with the times—to make changes when changes are in order. As a result, other mediums have been claiming the attention of the public.

The radio has just about washed up the newspaper extra—and radio has taken the edge off spot news events. Where the radio left off the movie news and feature reels took up. Then came the news weeklies which gave an excellent example of how news several days or several weeks old might be taken, dressed up, furnished with the proper background, written crisply and brightly, and made popular with readers.

Newspaper comic strips, columnists and other features of the daily press were put on the air to compete, in a way, with the medium that had given them their place in the world and which was still giving them their greatest source of income.

Then came the picture magazines with their spectacular rise to public favor. Here were other invaders in fields which previously had been pretty much held by the newspapers and magazines. The newspapers had the pictures, they had the means of producing them, but for one reason or another they didn't do much about them.

Roto-ravure, perhaps the best means of reproduction available, had been a part of newspapers for nearly a quarter century—but newspaper roto had become static—a succession of the same old pictures year after year—beautiful scenes—unrelated pictures—castoffs from the news desks—the catch-all and dumping grounds to satisfy the vanity or purposes of those seeking publicity—their pictures in the paper.

Then a change became apparent in a number of papers. Roto sections suddenly began to show signs of life—of individuality—of reader interest—of entity. They began to stand out as interesting, significant parts of the Sunday paper. They became instead of the old-fashioned hodge-podge sections, pictorial feature or magazine sections in which stories were presented in picture form with brief text. Several papers had started on such programs before the picture magazines got under way.

But it has remained for the *Detroit News* to really compete with the picture magazines on their own ground—to go them even one or two better. On Oct. 10 the *News* brought out a 32-page roto-ravure section in tabloid form, with a two-color cover. Entitled "The *Detroit News*' Pictorial," it was and is a picture magazine with a wide variety of subjects and appeal. Filled with service and syndicated photographic features, it also contains picture features obtained from outstanding free lances in various sections of the country, together with local "stories in pictures" obtained by its own staff.

Thus readers of the paper get a 32-page picture magazine in addition to the magazine comic and other sections of the paper. A goodly sized dime's worth when compared to what the picture magazines have to offer!

It is indicated that other papers will adopt the change in style and appearance for their roto sections—join in what

may develop into a spirited, concerted action on the part of publishers to develop and use the facilities they have at their command to compete with outside mediums for the reader's interest and the advertiser's dollar.

Iron Lungs

SINCE the recent wave of infantile paralysis spread its twisted trail of torture across the country, newspapers in various sections of the country have undertaken campaigns to raise funds to provide iron lungs for the stricken in their communities.

Certainly no editorial campaign can be better than one which has as its motive the health and welfare of those in the area the paper serves. It is to be hoped that additional papers undertake such campaigns, that they continue until every community has several of the iron lungs available for use when the need for them arises.

Further, that papers enlist themselves in the war against tuberculosis, syphilis, infantile paralysis and other diseases remaining to be defeated by medical science. What has been done in regards to diphtheria and smallpox can be done in time with these other scourges—perhaps in time even with that pernicious enemy of all mankind—the common cold.

The question comes, reverting to the iron lung, why the United States Public Health Service or other governmental department might not take over the rights to manufacture iron lungs and engage in a mass production of them? Not, of course, without some recompense to those who control the apparatus.

Some Deserved Orchids

ALTHOUGH he has never worked on a country newspaper, Prof. Osman C. Hooper, of the School of Journalism at Ohio State University, is credited with having done more for the small-town papers of the Buckeye State than any other individual.

He has conducted the Ohio Newspaper Show, held as a part of the Buckeye Press Association convention, for years. He was the founder of the Ohio Journalism Hall of Fame. He is the author of the first comprehensive history of Ohio journalism. He has had an active part in the formation and development of various journalistic organizations. He has, for years, been the editor of the *Ohio Newspaper*, monthly publication for Buckeye editors and publishers.

And not the least of his contributions to the journalism of his native state, and to the profession as a whole, has been his part in the training and inspiration of scores of young men and women now engaged in nearly every form of journalism from the cross-roads weekly to metropolitan daily.

He has been actively connected with Columbus papers since 1880 and still is editor of the literary page of the *Dispatch*. In between times, he has written several volumes of verse and edited histories of both Columbus and the university.

Sports Scribes Win Success

[Concluded from page 6]

Francis Wallace, another alumnus of the New York *Daily News*, has become a foremost fiction writer. His serial from the *Saturday Evening Post*, "Kid Galahad," was made into a rousing picture by Warner Brothers with Edward G. Robinson in the lead rôle.

WALLACE was graduated from Notre Dame before entering upon his brilliant career of professional writing. He has proven himself an able scenario writer at Hollywood and helped adapt his own story, "The Big Game." He is a football fan of the deepest dyed-in-the-wool variety. They just can't keep him out of the press boxes at the outstanding games of the season. His comments and observations are released through a national syndicate.

Bill Corum, whose sports column in the New York *Journal* is featured in a long list of Hearst dailies, authors and supervises a regular series of sport shorts for the screen. He is also making a name for himself as a sports commentator over the radio. Endowed with a strong, yet soft voice, part of his Missouri heritage, he is expected to gain further prominence before the "mike." Handsome and pudgy Bill is an addict of football and horse racing.

Quentin Reynolds, former football player at Brown and formerly the star sports writer of the New York *World-Telegram*, was scheduled to go to Berlin as foreign correspondent for *Universal Service* but *Collier's Weekly* grabbed him to write sports articles and fiction. Since then he has become associate editor.

John Kiernan, scholarly sports editor of the New York *Times*, joined the ranks of book writers with his opus, "The Story of the Olympic Games," a volume acclaimed not only as an enlightening and valuable reference book but as able treatment of material that could have been very boringly presented by a writer less capable and authoritative.

JOHN E. SCHMIDLEY (Marquette '29), formerly of the advertising staff of the Royal Oak (Mich.) *Daily Tribune*, has joined the advertising staff of the Stoughton (Wis.) *Daily Courier-Hub*, in charge of local display.

★

WILLIAM A. CORDER (Texas '36) is editor of the weekly magazine, *This Week in Dallas*.

THE QUILL for October, 1937

Getting down to business

is a relief after the lackadaisical activities of a hot Summer.

It's a big help

having a magazine like *The American Press* to turn to for pertinent and timely discussions of perplexing publishing problems.

Send for a sample copy

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THE AMERICAN PRESS

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New York, New York

Puts the Right Man in the Right Place

GET SET!

There has been very little hiring of new men, or changes made on staffs of newspapers, magazines, press associations, publicity and advertising agencies during the past three months. This condition seems to be linked directly with general business and stock market fluctuations.

But, experts say that the goose bumps of investors and business will go away soon and we will see employment conditions favorable once more.

Every member of Sigma Delta Chi who is interested in a new job should register with The Personnel Bureau immediately and get his name on the active list to be considered for all jobs reported to The Bureau. Maybe that job you've been waiting for will come in—and let's hope your record will be on file for immediate consideration!

Write today for registration form and information. The registration fee is only \$1 for three years.

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